

THINK OF THE FUTURE.

C. H. WETHERBE.

Every unsaved person ought to soberly and wisely think of the future. There are great realities which all men must face at some time in the coming years. It is utterly vain for ungodly men to say that they can escape meeting the judgment day. They may now seek to banish God from their thoughts, they may despise the gospel, they may laugh at the warnings given them by the messengers of God, but no attitude which they can assume will change the fact that they must at some time stand before God in judgment. To all who shall die in their sins there is an awful eternity before them. Is it any wonder that Christ was so deeply concerned as he was in behalf of sinners? Not at all. Dr. Burdett Hart, referring to Christ, says: "He knows the bitterness of sins and the remedilessness of the sinner's overthrow. His mind goes on beyond the present, where their minds stop, into the future with its certain misery, with its hopeless and endless sorrow. He knows the meaning of hell, the terrible woe of being lost, the dreadful society of devils, the utter anguish of final despair. He looks beyond thoughtless life, beyond the gloom of death, beyond the sentence of banishment, into the countless ages of the soul's wretchedness, into the unbroken loneliness and sorrow of a world on which no daylight rises, in which no glad song is heard, where are no greetings of friendship, throughout whose gloomy boundaries no gospel is heard forevermore."

Reader, can it be that you will take any chances on being committed at last to such a place? Are you deceiving yourself by the notion that although you do not accept Christ in this life, yet somehow you will escape an eternity of misery? O, get saved to-day!

IN EVERYTHING.

Am I to thank God for everything? Am I to thank Him for bereavement? Must I lift up my hands over my dead and say: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast taken away my friend?" Is it pleasing to my Father that loss should be pleasant to me? Is it good that I should be told to give thanks in everything? Be still, my soul, thou hast misread the message. It is not to give thanks for everything, but to give thanks in everything. It is not to praise God for the night, but to bless Him that the night is not deeper.

I have read of the Son of man that He gave thanks over the symbol of His broken body. Not for the pain, but for the mitigation of pain, did the Son of man give thanks; not that His body was broken, but that it was broken for me. In thine hour of sorrow give thanks like Jesus.—*Matheson.*

Home Circle.

JUNE.

Sing me a song of the month of June,
Of flowers and daisy-gemmed ways,
Of the woods and fields that are in tune
With the warbler's joyous lays;
Of the odors sweet and landscape fair,
And the trill and thrill that are everywhere,
—*Frank H. Sweet.*

THE RIGHT PLACE.

There are two things, remarks a wise writer, that are very good where they grow, but very bad if found on the sidewalk.

If I were the Old Woman in the Shoe, do you know what I would have every child of mine do? Every child should be taught to take care of orange peel and banana skins.

One day Tom Thoughtful found a piece of banana skin on the sidewalk, and picked it up and threw it into the street. Just behind him was a feeble old lady, whose eyes were dim, and whose steps were slow; she was obliged to walk with care.

We don't know how it would have been, but just think what a terrible fall the poor old lady might have had if Tom hadn't picked up the slippery skin! And that lady with white hair and feeble steps might have been your grandma, or mine.

There is a right place and wrong place for almost everything.—*Morning Star.*

A STREAK OF SUNSHINE.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's stuffed arm-chair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered grandma, cheerily; "I have read a little and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window-sill.

"That girl, with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and to grandma's surprise, he raised the window and called:

"Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in sur-

prise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," exclaimed the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I *have* to," said Susie; "you see papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arms around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."—*Sunbeam.*

THE FAMILY OIL FLASK.

ANNIE M. L. HAWES.

Mary was crying, partly because one of her sums wouldn't come right, and partly because she was afraid Clinton had gone to school without her; Johnny was sulkily kicking the woodbox because there was a hole in his shoe that kept him from going out to play in the snow, and the baby was fretting because fretting was the fashion. The visitor, grand-aunt Harriet, didn't dare venture into such a commotion; so she went on darning stockings in the dining-room and thinking a few judicious spanks would straighten matters. But papa had gone to town, and mamma was kneading bread as fast as she could, so spanking seemed to be out of the question; and Harriet had just said to herself she should fly, when there was a brisk step at the door, and mamma's half-smothered sigh changed into a laugh.

"Here comes the family oil bottle," she said.

Her hands made less nervous speed with the bread, and the fretting and crying suddenly stopped.

Only Frank came in—a bright-faced boy, fourteen or fifteen years old—but in two minutes he had shown Mary the mistake in her problem, and told her Clinton was in the shop putting a new rope in his sled to draw her to school. In two minutes he had harnessed the table legs into horses for Johnny and the baby to drive, smiled at his mother, taken the dry mittens he came for, and gone again.

"There's always a calm after a storm," called out aunt Harriet when the kitchen was quiet a few minutes later.

"Yes," said mamma, smiling over the loaves she was shaping in the pans, "when there's somebody to pour oil on the troubled waves."—*The Wellspring.*

"The best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves."